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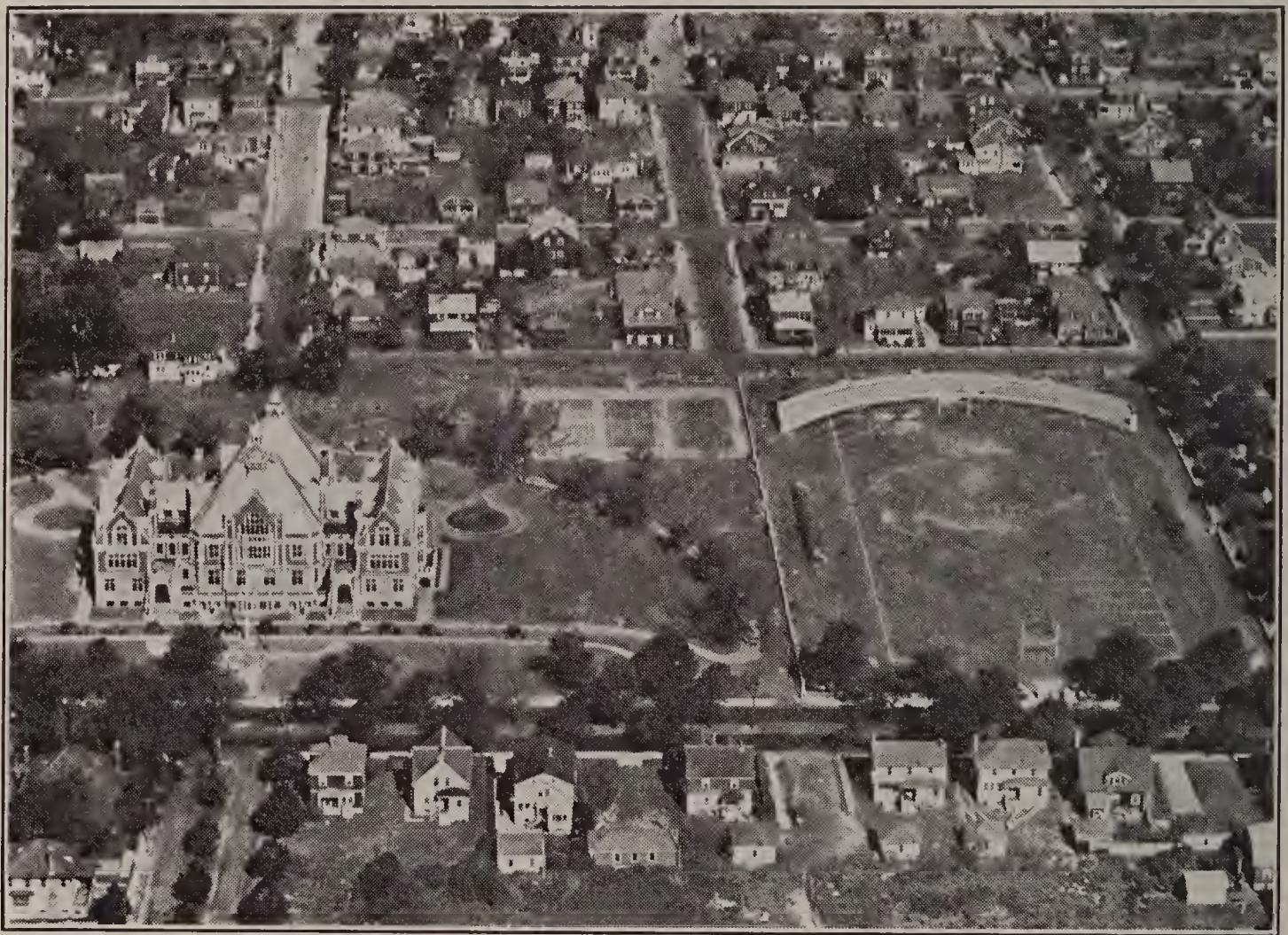
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THE HUTTLESTONIAN

VOL. 8

No. 1



WINTER ISSUE

1 9 3 0

Published by

STUDENTS OF FAIRHAVEN HIGH SCHOOL

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Supremacy of the Savage

The educated man;
 Science soaring to unseen, unknown, heights.
Soon man will have to ban
 His comforts if he would keep,
His health and posterity.

The savage, — what is now left of him —
 Fights for his food, family, and existence.
Mostly physical labor with a certain amount of cunning
 Is used where mental labor prevails.
What is mental supremacy if there is no physical
 strength to carry out and serve the mental strength?

Soon man will be destroyed by his own hand.
 Possible, and not at all unlikely,
He will die because of his comforts.

Walter Thomas, '32.

The Dilemma of Freddie

"Yes, Auntie."

"—and furthermore, do *not* have any of your Bohemian parties while I am gone. Just because you and Freddie are engaged is no reason why you should have parties *all* the time."

Lady Julia Emsworth, always a strict woman, displayed no leniency on her only relative. She peered through the rapidly thickening London fog at her niece, Sue. Sue stood there, dutifully listening to all commands and orders that might be given from the lips of her rich relative. She glanced about. Charing Cross station hummed with busy people, their clattering feet sounding hollowly through the murky mist. Lady Julia also glanced about, and, her eye alighting on an unlucky porter standing by a train-gate, she beckoned him. The porter came.

(Few could stand that imperious beckoning!) She loaded him down with her baggage and then, turning to Sue, she bade her a fond farewell.

"Well! I'm off for Beauvais," she said. "I'll send you a postcard from Paris."

"She's gone!" said Sue, after returning home, to Freddie Underhill who sat sunken in a chair, meditatively smoking a cigarette.

"Ah!" said Freddie, "and now for a jolly little party! I'll pop around and rope in Ronnie, and Algy, and Derek, and—."

"Oh, no, you won't," broke in Sue. "Her ladyship said no parties." "Still," she added, "she'll be gone for at least *one* week. I say, let's throw one big party tonight; what do you say?"

"That'll be fine," spoke a voice from the hallway. It was Ronnie Deveraux.

"How are you all?" he asked, entering the room. "Still jumping?"

"Absolutely, old top!"

"Hello, old thing, have a seat," greeted Sue. "Mary, tea for three, please."

A dripping wet fog held London in its grip, and, as Lady Julia Emsworth reached the wharf, she shivered.

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"Here, my man!" she ordered, "put my luggage down here, please. I trust six-pence will be enough for you?"

As she sent the man away, she glanced at her trunks and beheld, instead of the usual white initials "J. E." a red "L. M." She stared again.

Lady Emsworth was a woman who was very easily riled, and this seemingly stupid mistake of the porter's had done little toward making her a pleasanter woman. She went to the railroad office, and there encountered a red-faced individual who was seemingly uninterested in everything but drawing figures on a pad of paper.

"I am Lady Julia Emsworth," she informed him icily.

The man displayed no interest.

"I am THE Lady Emsworth!" said she, a trifle frostier.

The man showed signs of life.

"What? What? What?" he asked.

And then followed a long and careful explanation; the result being that if Lady Julia would return home, her trunks would be looked up and returned to her as soon as possible.

"Very well," said Lady Julia, and prepared to take the first train home.

Freddie Underhill came downstairs faultlessly dressed in proper evening clothes for one of Sue's parties. All, thought Freddie, was going finely. The first of the guests would arrive in an hour. Supposing Lady Julia knew that a party was on for that night. Supposing — but Freddie decided not to dwell on such unpleasant thoughts.

His was a pleasant, easy-going life, full of parties, leisure at his uncle's castle, and buying clothes; faultlessly fitting clothes which he wore once and then threw away or gave to the butler's children. Therefore his brain had ceased to become a thing of action. It was mere grey matter rolling quietly around in his cranium. Whenever Freddie was obliged to exert his brain he immediately had a bad headache as a result. Thus we realize that Freddie, though a brainy-looking person, had the brains of a kitten.

Freddie was lighting up a cigarette when the doorbell rang. Rather early, he thought, for guests to arrive. However, he went to the door. Upon opening it, he perceived Lady Julia engaged in putting down her umbrella. Freddie stared, appalled at the sight of Lady Julia returning on the night of a party which she had expressly forbidden. His nor-

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mally defunct brain began to revolve slowly about the awful problem. Finally he managed to speak.

"Wuk — wuk — wuk — what are you doing here?" stuttered he. "I thought you were on your way to France."

Lady Julia, aware of Freddie's lack of brains, and therefore never on particularly good terms with him, stooped to explain.

"My porter mistook someone else's baggage for mine," she explained frostily.

"Oh! Ah!" said Freddie owlshly. "Excuse me a minute, please."

He rushed upstairs to find Sue and explain his dilemma.

"I don't see *what* we can do," she wailed.

"I do," said Freddie. A sudden thought had struck him, upsetting still further his agonized brain which now did not know which way to turn.

The bell rang, and Freddie went to the door. There stood Algy Martin, dressed to perfection.

"Ah! There you are!" he said, "already for a nice jolly little—."

"I'm so sorry I can't go to the Cricket Club with you tonight," bellowed Freddy, hoping that Lady Julia would hear him. "I'll explain at the club tomorrow," he whispered.

And the same treatment was applied to a bewildered Ronnie Deveraux who came with Derek Rooke, Jill Mayfair, and Jane Whittley.

Freddie's head was now at the bursting point. He entered the room where Lady Julia sat sipping her after-dinner coffee.

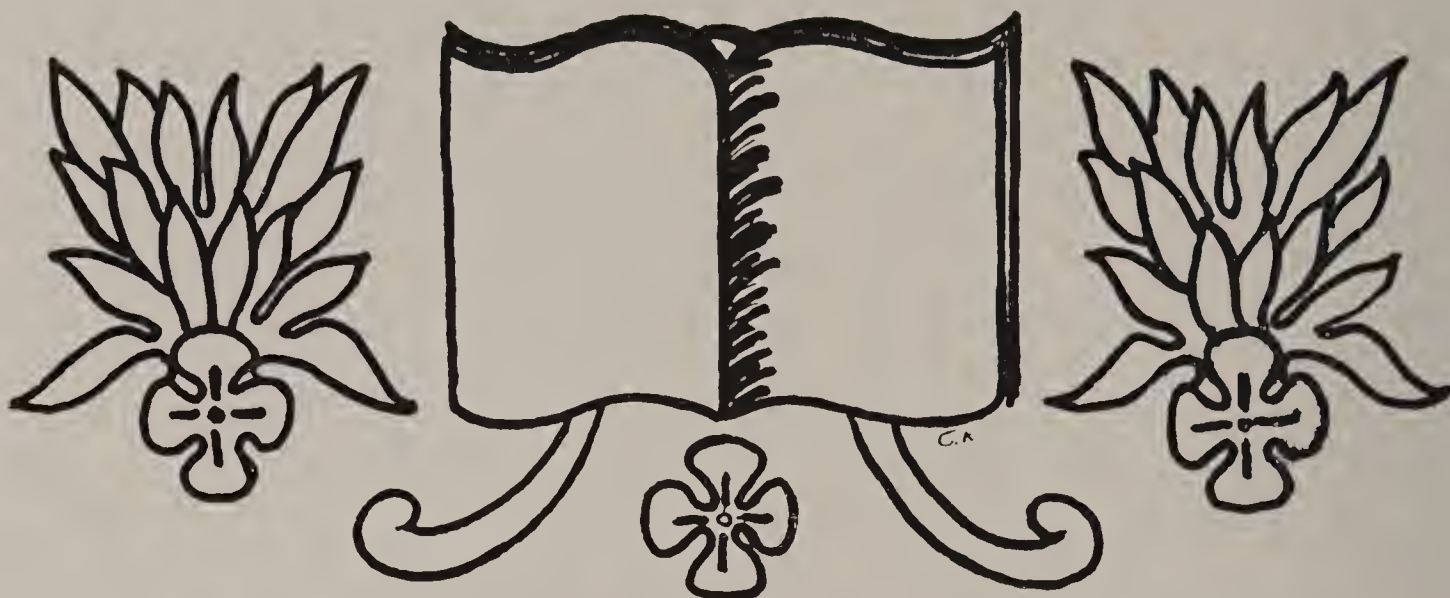
"It is strange," said Lady Julia, with a touch of coolness in her voice, "that you should have so many engagements tonight."

"Yes, it *is* strange," agreed Freddie nervously. An hour passed.

"Well, I, for one, am going to retire now," said Lady Julia some while later. "You know, if I had known that we were going to be all alone this evening, we might have had a little party."

Freddie, sickened to the core of his being, linked with an indescribable headache, went to bed.

Jack Leonard, '33



EDITORIALS

Our Cheering

Rah! Rah! Rah! Slowly, the strains of a schoolboy cheer die away as the teams march off the field. Victorious, probably, but even though victorious, our team was not cheered on to victory as the teams of four or five years ago. At that time, the student-body cheered as a whole, now it is merely a scattering of enthusiastic students, lustily cheering. Others look on and ridicule.

If victories are to be expected from our team, we should at least give the squad the satisfaction of knowing that somebody cares whether they win or lose. Why, then, can't our cheering be improved and elevated to such a pitch as to be the admiration of other schools instead of their disgust? I, therefore, as a member of the student body, heartily urge a more unified and enthusiastic spirit at our football games for Fairhaven High School.

Aram J. Belanger, '32.

✓ ✓ ✓

Wanted: A Break!

It is a cold autumn day, and typical football weather. Streams of people are pouring into the stadium. Off to one side, watched over by several policemen, are fifty or more young boys. They want to see the game, but have not the equivalent amount to pay for a ticket. Canvas is up all around the field, and another officer is patrolling the wall inside. Behind the stadium, some one has put up a wire fence shutting off that entrance.

Those fifty or more young hopefuls will have to stay outside, listening to the results instead of seeing them. Why not let them in?

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Five or ten years from now, some of these youngsters will carry Fairhaven's colors on the gridiron. To be a good football player one has to have a football mind. Why not train this mind early? When Fairhaven had its biggest teams, the admission was free to children under twelve.

Schools don't make any more money by keeping the boys out. Some of them have never seen fifteen cents, and a quarter of a dollar is an unknown quantity. It does no one any harm to let them in. Why not do it?

John Broadland, '32.

✓ ✓ ✓

Success

We who wish to make a success of our work and play, must follow certain rules through life if we are to reach our goal. Sincerity, not pretense, in what we do or say is quite important, and an honest desire to see things from the other fellow's point of view. The ability to forget oneself and see the other's view-point is not so easy as it may sound, but once acquired is a big asset toward attracting others to you. Cultivation of the power of real interest in people and things around us takes a great deal of time, but it pays well in happiness to ourselves and others.

A sense of humor is a great aid also, not the type that makes fun of another's mistakes, but the kind that can see the humorous side of things, even to the extent of being able to laugh at oneself.

Good health, of course, is an absolute necessity. It is hard to interest ourselves in others or to be good-natured when we are not feeling well; consequently we should follow the laws of hygiene so as to keep well physically as well as mentally.

Much of our difficulty will be overcome if we will stop trying to be like someone else, and let our inner self guide our thoughts and desires, realizing our limitations and accepting them for their true worth.

James K. Leahy, '32.

✓ ✓ ✓

Personalities

A personality — that which pertains to a person. Expressed otherwise — individuality.

Did it ever occur to you that personality could be an asset? It can have a great deal of bearing on one's life work. True, personality

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cannot be imitated, but there is always a chance for remodeling. It isn't always advisable to copy another's way because one cannot be precisely like someone else, regardless of untiring efforts.

If, for an example, your favorite track star has a funny little way of putting on his pet, greenish-blue, soft hat at a peculiar angle, or wearing a gaudy, frivolous, orange nasturtium in the buttonhole of his newest blue-serge suit; do you think that if you duplicate those actions you shall become another idol? Positively, no!

It is your own individuality which wins people. Cultivate your own friends, ideas, likes and dislikes, and be better and happier for it.

People like you for what you are, you like people for what they are. If one makes an attempt to be like someone whom one knows or has heard about, it is almost a certainty that the venture will prove a flat failure. It is next to impossible to be exactly as another but to "be yourself" is a simple matter.

True personality coupled with perfect originality is usually worthwhile.

Eunice Austin, '33.

✓ ✓ ✓

Freshmen

Between History, English, Latin, and "Math,"
I'm about to go crazy or else show my wrath.
And are teachers generous with homework and such?
If they were in our place *they* wouldn't want much.
But — "Learn vocabularies twelve and thirteen."
"Now you should know 'regina' means 'a queen'."
Yes — "Two x plus 3 minus 5 x plus two."
I'll surely be thankful when this day is through.
Freshmen, alas, yes — freshmen are we.
When we "get lost" it gives others glee.
We thought we were "grown up" but gee! we feel small
When "Speed it up freshies" is yelled down the hall.
But nevertheless it is easy to stand,
For next year we'll be sophomores—oh! won't that be grand.

Betty Foley, '34.

DEPARTMENT NOTES



ATHLETICS



The Football Season at F. H. S.

To those not "in the know," the football season to date has reached bounds away beyond the hopes of even our closest admirers. With but five lettermen returning from last years team, prospects at the start of the season seemed dimmed. But as has been the rule of other Fairhaven squads, that indomitable spirit and ability to absorb coaching asserted itself in the present squad, and to date the team has come through with colors flying high.

The season opened against last years Cape Cod Champions, Barnstable, with but one change from its lineup of last year and subdued in the first game by the score of 13-0. The game was played in weather much better suited to base-ball or track, and while many of the men lost much weight they recuperated fast and came back the following week to take on a very heavy team from De La Salle of Newport and defeated them 31-6. The lone touchdown scored against our boys occurred in one of those moments when a bit of territory was left uncovered and a pass was intercepted for the coveted six points.

On October 10, we took on Durfee. This game is one of those battles about which there is always a lot of newspaper conjecture. Durfee in its second season, under the Neurocki regime, had a heavy squad built around a military lockstep. However, our men proved that big or little the game must be played the same, and came through to give Durfee its most severe beating in years to the tune of 26-0.

Attleboro was supposed to have a green team this season, but in its game against Fairhaven showed what we believe to be the finest working machine from that school to ever present itself here. Fast and smooth, with a very fine offense and tight defense, they worked like a clock. We won from them, to be sure, 13-0, but it is our belief that

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every spectator going away from that game was satisfied that he had seen one of the finest games ever.

Plymouth, in the last three years, has been piling up victory after victory, twenty eight to be exact, without a defeat. In Spath they had one of the finest field generals and fast running backs we have seen in a long time. But there is an old saying that "it is a long road that has no turning," and may we say that Fairhaven presented that "turn." Score—Fairhaven 13, Plymouth 0.

Of course the game of games and the most desired victory of them all was the one with New Bedford. Much history had been made by the New Bedford team. They had won all their games with but one exception. They had fast, shifty, and heavy men, well drilled in the art of football, and certainly lack of newspaper publicity had not been their lot. And while the score must be recorded as an overwhelming victory for Fairhaven, we wish to state that we truly believe that what had been said of New Bedford was true. May we also be quoted it is our belief that if the Fairhaven-New Bedford game is to be continued, the game must be given to those persons to whom it belongs, namely the teams and the schools.

Our one defeat of the present season was registered by last years state champions, Boston College High School. They trimmed us in one of the cleanest, yet hardest fought battles to be staged in our stadium in many years. Boston College High had an exceptionally heavy and fast club. Our men scored first, which incidentally was the first time B. C. had been scored upon this season. However, as stated, we were beaten 26-6. But are we dissatisfied? Absolutely No. We have found B. C. High to be one of the finest, cleanest, and hardest fighting aggregations on our schedule. But we can enjoy taking a licking from a team of that calibre.

In closing let us pay our respects to those wonderful men who represent our school. All glory goes to them. We want them to win to be sure, but win, lose or draw, our boys come first. May they ever carry those high qualities of character learned through the medium of football, and carry the same with them when they start out on the long and hard road of life.



Here and There

The squabbling of Mel Entin and Walt Machado surpasses anything seen in the locker-room in recent years. Mel and Walt are fine athletes, but the sporting world might just as well bid them fond farewell if Mack Sennett ever enters the locker-room.

Everyone realized, especially those who have been under the strain of active competition themselves, that some let-down and fun is necessary. But we would like to know how, in name of all the Gods, the three Polocks can find any fun in drenching each other with cold water. Usually one can be found perpetrating some dark, mysterious plot involving a bag of water upon another of the trio. As long as they keep it in the nation, the other nationalities don't mind!

By the way, have you stopped to consider what a great job the Polish nation has been doing in the Blue's forward line the last few games? And are they tough? Ask Camille Rousseau!

A great deal of amusement has been felt by the touchdown made by Andy Sylvia in the Durfee game, because he didn't seem to know what to do with the ball when he got it. One forgets, however, that if Andy hadn't been playing good football at that time, he wouldn't have been in there to find the ball in his hands. We could wish that Andy would always play the game that we know he is capable of!

It is not an uncommon sight to find the Coach standing on one leg waggling a bare foot in the air and yelling, "Hey, you crazy nuts! Bring back my shoe." This is another favorite occupation of the Polock confederation with, perhaps, a little aid from the Irish in person of Jerry Foley.

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Surgical supplies cannot be procured so easily, now that it has been discovered a bar of Tasty yeast is consumed daily by the coach, and that he keeps his supply on the top shelf of the surgical closet!

We are still waiting hopefully for George White to come through with his annual, unintentional wisecrack. Last year while describing his big toe, which was bounering him, to the Coach, George said, "That's the funniest toe I ever had!" Perhaps he raises a whole crop every year.

"Two-lap" Hanson is usually the last out of the locker-room at night. We know that he is conserving his energy for the track season but for the coach's sake, we wish he would hurry a little. The Coach is afraid that if he is a little slower he will, on going out, meet himself coming in the next morning.

We wonder why Walt Machado insists on bringing to school the kind of cake Mel likes, especially when the two have lockers in the same alley.

Any visitor to the locker-room might remark on the David-and-Jonathan-like attitude of Johnny Plezia and the Coach. They absolutely will not go to and from the showers without each other. But, alas, we fear that this is more devotion to their respective articles of attire than that such an idyllic relationship exists.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Inter-Class Hockey

The Inter-Class Hockey games began Monday, October 27, at 3:00 P. M. in the Stadium. The Sophomore Team started off with a "bang" by taking the first game to the tune of 2-1.

THE "LINE-UP"

Freshmen		Sophomore
Beatrice Perry	Right Wing	Elvera Erickson
Barbara Drew	Inside Right	"Jerry" McGowan
Pearl Jackson	Center Forward	Barbara Beal
Virginia Morgan	Inside Left	Frances Roos
Ruth Terra	Left Wing	Marion Lewis
Blanche Hopkins	Right Half	Helen Anesti
Helen Knowlton	Center Half	Natalie Lowe
Edith Burrell	Left Half	Pauline Perry
Lois Macomber	Right Back	Ellen Whitworth
Beatrice Perry	Left Back	Helen Beaudry
Ester Wetmore	Goalkeeper	Frances Norris

Subs: E. Erickson by Mary Trepanier, Natalie Lowe by Helen Thornley, Frances Roos by Agnes Pflug.

The Sophomore points were scored by Marion Lewis; Freshman point by Ruth Terra.

THE HOCKEY SCHEDULE

October 27	—	Freshmen vs. Sophomore
November 3	—	Junior vs. Senior Freshmen vs. Sophomore
November 5	—	Junior vs. Sophomore Senior vs. Freshmen
November 7	—	Freshmen vs. Senior Junior vs. Sophomore

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November 10	—	Senior vs. Sophomore Junior vs. Freshmen
November 12	—	Freshmen vs. Junior Senior vs. Sophomore
November 14	—	Senior vs. Junior

SENIOR

Center Forward	"Peg" Goggin
Right Inside	A. Burns — B. Chadbourne
Left Inside	E. Milhench — F. Wilson
Left Back	L. Baker
Right Back	H. Moffett — A. Silvia
Left Wing	E. Gagne
Right Wing	E. Lopes — H. Greenhalgh
Right Half	F. Brown
Center Half	M. Forman
Left Half	E. Stone
Goalkeeper	E. Packard

JUNIOR

Center Forward	M. Tickle
Right Inside	P. Day — J. Teixeira
Left Inside	N. Lowe — R. Roza
Left Back	D. Fonteneau
Right Back	J. Stolte
Left Wing	E. Terra
Right Wing	Mabel W.
Center Half	M. Law
Left Half	H. Futardo
Goalkeeper	M. Portas
Right Half	H. Pimental

Domestic Science Department

Below is an attractive array of some of the canned fruit put up by the cooking classes.

The two methods that are most common are the Open Kettle Method and the Cold Pack Method.

Beside the canning of fruit the classes are taught how to make jam and jelly.

The following directions are for canning food by the Cold Pack Method. This is the method commonly used at the present time and is found very satisfactory.



1. Pack the prepared food into clean tested jars. It is not necessary to sterilize the jars before the food is packed into them when this method of canning is used. A firm pack is desired; fill to within $\frac{1}{4}$ " to $\frac{1}{2}$ " from the top.
2. For vegetables, add one teaspoon of salt to each quart and fill the jars with boiling water. To fruits of average sweetness, add hot syrup made of equal parts of sugar and water to within $\frac{1}{4}$ " to $\frac{1}{2}$ " from the top.
3. Place the rubber and cover. If the screwtop type of jar is used, use only the strength of the thumb and little finger in partially sealing cover. If the clamp type is used, adjust only the upper clamp.

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4. If the ordinary utensils are used, completely cover the jars with hot water. When the Vapo-Seal cooker is used, the food can be processed in two to three inches of water. Place the cover, and after steam is seen escaping at the valve, reduce the flame and continue to process in steam. Allow the same time for this method as for processing in boiling water. In each case, do not count time until the water boils. Adjust heat so that boiling continues.
5. Remove the jars from the processing kettle and complete a perfect seal.
6. Wipe off jars; label and store in a cool, dry, dark place.

Marion Shurtleff, '32.

✓ ✓ ✓

Life of a Wool Fiber

In the advanced sewing class, the girls are making woolen dresses. The processes which the fibers go thru, in order to become a piece of cloth, are very interesting. The following article gives you an idea just how this is done.

The story of the life of this wool fiber starts in Montana. The sheep were being sheared, and a fiber of fleece was cut from the shoulder of one of the largest sheep. Let's follow this piece. The fleece was put into bunches which held about 400 pounds; into one of these bags this little fiber was put. The bags were sent to the station, and shipped to the East for manufacture. When the factory was reached, the first process was to open and sort the bales of fleece. I (the fiber) was graded and put into a basket with the best grades of fleece. I looked around the basket and started making friends with my neighbors. I hadn't done this before as I knew the fibers with whom I had been previously weren't in my class. Because I felt rather dirty a bath was a great relief.

After being washed, we were dried, and the burrs and sticks were extracted from us. Next, we were put in large vats and dyed. At last I was to be beautiful! My friends and I were dyed a bright blue. Then, after going thru the carding process, we were spun, and the imperfections

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in our weave were corrected. Soon we were stretched, folded, pressed, and sent to the wholesale market.

A few days passed, and one morning, an elderly gentleman came to the wholesale market and bought my piece of cloth. He took me to his department store, and put me on display.

One day, a young girl came into the store and bought our piece of goods. She took me home and laid me on a long table. Pieces of paper that she called a pattern were pinned on me, and then I was cut into the queerest shapes! These pieces were carefully basted, and stitched on a machine. Another machine! I thought I had seen about all of these. After this, some funny things called buttons were sewed on me, and one day Mary tried me on. Lo and behold! I was a dress, a blue woolen dress.

Mary wore me almost every day, and everyone told her what a wonderful piece of cloth I was. My woolen heart beat with pride, and I was very grateful to Mary for having bought me.

When spring came again, I was too heavy to wear, so I was put away. Alas! Mary forgot to place me in camphor, and when she took me out the next winter, I was full of moth holes. To my great sorrow, I was cast away in the rag bag.

Finally, the rag man came and carried me away to a "shoddy manufacturer," that is, a man who makes new cloth from rags. Here I went through much the same process as in my youth, but was made into a very much cheaper grade of cloth, much to my disgust. Well, here I am waiting patiently to be sold again.

Nancy Lowe, '32.



After the Way of Virgil's "Aeneid"

Centuries past, an old poet
Wrote of Greek heroes and battle
Trojan Aeneas roamed Libya;
Ships were storm-driven like cattle.

Wily Ulysses was pictured
Building the wood horse gigantic;
Dido, the Tyrian sovereign
Shone in a story romantic.

Stygian realms frowned in darkness,
Ruled o'er by Pluto, prince sable.
Ferryman Charon of Hades
Rowed 'cross the Styx as in fable.

Now, in a schoolroom most modern,
Stumbling, we translate these stories,
Reading of Jupiter, cloud-robed,
Banquets of gods and their glories.

Maybe, years hence in the future,
English will seem to translators
Puzzling, as Virgil's "Aeneid,"
Intricate seems to evade us.

Susanne Gidley, '31.

Frederic Mistral, "Poete Celeste."

September eighth, nineteen hundred and thirty marked the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Frederic Mistral, "the celestial poet" of France. Surprisingly little is known by the average American student concerning this man so universally beloved, not only in his own country but throughout Europe.

Mistral's works are written entirely in "la langue d'oc" or the old Provençal language. This picturesque dialect of southern France differs greatly from the "language d'oui," the ancestor of modern French. It resembles Latin; and many persons claim that it expresses the poetic thoughts more beautifully than modern French.

Mistral made use of the antiquity of the language to describe in his poems the quaint customs and dress of medieval France.

His poems deal with simple things, they retell the legends of ancient France, they picture the contented peasant folk of the provinces.

In 1854, Mistral and six others formed the society of the "Felibrige." This society was composed mostly of writers and poets who wished to keep alive the romantic "Langue d'oc." Membership in the "Felibrige" today is one of the highest honors that can be bestowed on a French author.

Perhaps the fact that gives the greatest satisfaction is that Frederic Mistral, before his death, realized the universal love and tremendous admiration which his countrymen extended toward him, and died fully conscious that his poetry would live forever among the treasures of France.

Summary of an article in "Les Annales" of September, 1930, celebrating the 100th anniversary of Mistral's birth.

Marion Busby, '31.

✓ ✓ ✓

Un Sac de Diamants

Original Story Written In French

C'est minuit dans l'avenue du Bois. La devanture du magasin de M. Moulon, bijoutier, est sombre. L'agent de ville vient de passer devant la boutique. A peine a-t-il tourné l'angle de la rue quand un ombre tombe sur la porte du magasin du bijoutier. C'est un redoutable Apache. Il est voleur. Avec un court barreau de fer, sous son bras, il ouvre la

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porte. Dans l'intérieur tout est sombre. L'Apache a une lumière dans sa main et il la jette autour de la salle. Un coffre-fort dans un coin attire son oeil. Avec un regard autour de lui, il s'en approche doucement. Il l'ouvre avec quelques tours de doigt. Alors subitement il ferme la porte du coffre-fort et se retire dans un coin derrière un bureau après avoir éteint sa lumière. L'agent de ville revient et passe avec de lents pas. Aussitôt qu'il a disparu l'Apache retourne au coffre-fort. Il en prend beaucoup de diamants sur de petits plateaux. Lentement il choisit plusieurs des grands puis il remet les plateaux dans le coffre-fort. Avec les diamants qu'il a choisis il s'apprête à sortir. Un bruit sonne dehors sur le trottoir. L'agent de ville retourne et passe le magasin. Mais tout est silencieux à l'intérieur et l'agent de ville s'en va. Puis le voleur met les diamants dans un petit sac qu'il cache dans sa poche. Alors il va doucement à la porte, l'ouvre, sort, et disparaît dans les ténèbres.

Une demi-heure plus tard dans une sale vieille maison dans un faubourg de la ville nous voyons l'Apache encore une fois. Il donne le petit sac à une autre homme assis devant une table sur laquelle il y a une chandelle dans une bouteille. Cet homme saisit le sac et l'ouvre brusquement. Alors il décharge les diamants sur la table et les regarde des yeux étincelants.

Sabitement il lève les yeux et fronce le sourcil.

"Est-ce tout?" demande-t-il férocement.

"Oui," répond l'Apache. "L'agent de ville revenait et il me fallut partir vite.

Mais il ne peut pas regarder son chef aux yeux.

"Venez ici," dit le chef tout à coup, en tirant un poignard. "Je pense que vous avez des diamants cachés sur vous."

"Non! Non!" s'écria le voleur "Je n'en ai pas."

"Bien, laissez-moi vous fouiller donc," répond le chef qui se lève et s'approche de l'Apache.

Il commence à le fouiller. Tout à coup il s'arrête et proluit trois ou quatre très grands diamants brillants.

Alors il plonge son poignard dans le coeur du voleur.

"Ah!" s'écrie le mourant, "je ne vais pas mourir seul!"

Et il tire un poignard et le plonge dans le coeur de son chef.

Une heure plus tard la chandelle illumine le plancher recouvert de sang, les deux hommes morts, les diamants sur la table, étincelant froidement, et puis elle s'éteint.

Harvey Duxbury, '31.

Educational Value of Geometry

The oldest traces of geometry are found among the early Egyptians and Babylonians. Their knowledge of the subject was only to serve practical purposes. The philosophers of Greece studied this so-called geometry, and later worked it into a science. Pythagoras gave us the theorem now known by his name. However, it was not until about 300 B. C. that Euclid gave the science of geometry to the world. With but slight changes, Euclid's model textbook has been used for the past twenty-two hundred years.

The study of geometry is almost entirely a lesson in logic. It is not only to learn the facts useful in everyday life, but rather, to afford mental discipline in understanding the relations existing between these facts. When Euclid's followers were criticized for teaching that "any two sides of a triangle are together greater than the third side," as teaching that which "even the beasts of the fields know," the answer was, "We are not seeking to teach facts as much as the power to discover facts." Therefore, if geometry is taught more to broaden one's reasoning power, we should note with greater attention the relationship between our daily theorems. Moreover, we should not learn our theorems from day to day only to be forgotten the next, nor without knowing the reason for every step.

Geometry is everywhere in the world about us. The plan of our school and the surrounding grounds would have been impossible without the knowledge of geometry. Our complete solar system is made up of geometry. In fact, everything we look at is made up of one or more geometric figures. It is, then, with greater interest that we should learn to discover these facts and know the how and why of this tremendous science that we are unconsciously surrounded by all day.

James Leahy, '31.

Value of Contests in Commercial Work

To me, contests in commercial work are a great help. In the first place, they develop accuracy, for the number of errors is usually limited. In the second place, they encourage a pupil to win, thereby furnishing an incentive to obtain a higher rate of speed. Besides developing speed and accuracy, contests encourage team-spirit and fair play. They also develop the will-power to do things correctly, and this everyone will strive to do if he is to receive something for his labor.

Commercial awards, just like athletic awards, lead a pupil on towards the goal, which, in every case, is to win and climb to the top.

Everyone knows that at the end of all contests there is something to be gained. In athletics the winners receive the cheers and praises of throngs of people. In commercial contests the winner may not, at present, receive the cheers from others, but as time goes he may become an expert typist, and take part in national and inter-national contests.

Now that the typewriting awards have been discontinued, I wonder if the same spirit to win will continue, or will it wane because there will be nothing to show for a reward?

Emily Bury, '31.



The Graduates' Calendar

(CLASS OF '30)

We are very glad to see so many of the Class of 1930 attending our football games and high school entertainments this fall. Those graduates who are at home or employed near at hand are:

Elizabeth S. Alden	At home
Leslie W. Baker	At home
Elizabeth P. Brown	At home
Corliss J. Burlingame	At home
Olive M. Ellis	At home
Elsie M. Furtado	At home
Nelson F. Harriman, Jr.	At home
Florence C. Hiller	At home
Helen P. Hiller	At home
Margaret A. Lowney	At home
James Machado	At home
Charles A. Maxfield, Jr.	At home
Dorothy H. Pemberton	At home
Doris M. Suffern	At home
Eleanor B. Tuell	At home
Alice L. Barber	N. Y. Life Insurance Co.
Raymond H. Bauer	Bank in N. Y.
Ruth J. Bradley	Sol-E-Mar Hospital
Mary E. Days	Turners' Grill
Elizabeth A. DeLong	Merchants Nat'l Bank, N. B.
Edna M. Fuller	Atlas Tack Corp.
William Gallagher	Regan & Carney, Groceries
Nellie V. Goggin	Nursemaid in Boston
Doris M. Hinckley	Millinery store, N. B.
Walter Kubiak	Farming in Dartmouth
Clifford A. Leach	Leach Electrical Co.
Ruth E. McCracken	Atlas Tack Corp.
W. Henry Moss	Efficiency Co. in F. R.
Lillian L. Perry	Merchants Nat'l Bank, N. B.
George H. Pflug	Atlas Tack Corp.
Mary A. Rocha	Mattapoissett Tel. Exchange

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Walter L. Roos
Dorothy Schofield
Elsie M. Silva
Frances G. Tuell
Willard D. Whitfield
Edward S. Wilbur

Cherry & Co.
Emin Chevrolet Co.
Kresge's, N. B.
Braley's Creamery
Pierce & Kilburn's
Woolworth's, N. B.

Then there are often those who "come back for more." Among these are:

Allen M. McLeod
Nicholas Olson

Gertrude M. Portas
Edmund Perry
Eleanor Coe

Numerous "grads" are attending and making good at the hospital, business school, normal school, preparatory school or college:

Edgar M. Almy, Jr.
Dorothy C. Bassett
Glady R. Braley
S. Evelyn Broadbent
Agnes O. Broadland
Priscilla Browne
Lloyd E. Burgess
Kenneth S. Campbell
Otto W. Chadbourne
Doris A. Clark
Dorothy P. Clark
Elliott A. Diggle
F. Elizabeth Dudley
Gladys V. Eldredge
Irene M. Ellis
Gordon R. Fawcett
Eleanor S. Fletcher
Bessie L. Freitas
Prisciller A. Gamage
Philip T. Gidley
John A. Gonsalves
Grace M. Goulart
Charles A. Gunning

Miami University, Ohio
Swain School of Design, N. B.
Simmon's College, Boston
Swain School of Design, N. B.
Simmon's College
Wheaton College
Brown University
Bates College
Norwick University
Framingham Normal
Swain School of Design, N. B.
Ricker's Classical Institute
Framingham Normal
Boston City Hospital
Lasell Seminary
R. I. State College
Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.
Bridgewater Normal School
Boston University
Brown University
N. B. Textile School
Dean Academy
Maine Central Institute

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Barney D. Guy	Mass. College of Pharmacy
Dorothy F. James	University of Grenoble, France
Edward Kenny	Syracuse University
John Kszystiniak	R. I. State College
Evelyn A. Lawson	University of Alabama
Joseph Luiz	Gorham Normal, Maine
Millicent Price	Boston University
Marjorie F. Snow	Herrick's Institute, N. B.
Eugene M. Soares, Jr.	Herrick's Institute, N. B.
Anthony Sopzenski	Studying music in Boston
George A. Spangenburg	University of Michigan
Frances J. Stetson	Herrick's Institute, N. B.
Anna Sylvia	Hyannis Normal School
Adeline E. Tabor	Swain School of Design, N. B.
Donald J. Tobin	University of Vermont
Dorris L. Tuell	Elmira College, N. Y.
Carline G. Tyler	Mass. Normal Art School
J. Alfred Whitworth	Mercersburg Academy, Pa.
Esther R. Wilson	George Washington University, Washington, D. C.
Manual P. Soares	Agricultural School

Congratulations to Doris Diggle, Class of 1929, who is a sophomore at Jackson College and as marshall of her class, is in charge of the supervision of hazing.

Eleanor Coe, '30.



Farmer to fisherman: — "Say, didn't you see that sign, 'PRIVATE, NO FISHING'?"

Fisherman:—"Sure, but I never read anything marked "private!"

* * *

Pa: — "What did you have in arithmetic to-day, son?"

Son: — "We were trying to find the lowest common divisor."

Pa: — "Haven't they found that yet; they were looking for that when I went to school."

* * *

Teacher: — "Abraham, give me a sentence using the word "judicious."

Abraham: — "Vell, ham isn't one of the "judicious."

* * *

Tourist to a farmer walking along roadside: — "Want a lift?"

Farmer: — "Sure."

After proceeding a short distance the tourist thought he would show the farmer how fast his car would go. The result was that the car skidded into a tree.

Farmer climbing out of wreckage: — "Gee, that was fine but how do you stop the durn thing when there ain't no trees around?"

* * *

1st Hobbo: — "Say has youse heard the story "Corn Flakes?"

2nd Ditto: — "No, is it a short story?"

1st Hobbo: — "No, it's a cereal."

* * *

Joe: — "See that aviator up there? He's a coward, he's surrounded by fear."

Banjo: — "What do you mean, what kind of fear?"

Joe: — "Why, my son, atmosphere."

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Frosh: — "What do you think of the new clerk at the Army store?"

Soph: — "I think he's crazy, I asked for a pup tent and he tried to sell me a dog house."

* * *

Small boy (to mother while gathering nuts): — "Oh! Mama, look at the porcupine's eggs!" (chestnut burrs).

* * *

Customer: — "I want to buy a bowl."

Clerk: — "About what size do you wish?"

Customer: — "Oh, I want it to play miniature football in."

* * *

Customer: — "Do you keep fountain pens?"

Clerk: — "No, we sell 'em."

Customer: — "Well, you'll keep the one you were going to sell me."

* * *

Guide: — "What do you think of the ruins?"

Tourist: — "Fine old chap, but I think the bally things need repair."

* * *

Bo: — "My brother just returned from the army with seven stripes on his arm."

Hobo: — "What are those for?"

Bo: — "Every time he killed a man in the war he was given a stripe."

Hobo: — "That's nothing my brother killed one man and the government covered him with stripes."

* * *

The boy stood on the burning deck,
The flames looked as though they would kill-im!
But there came a thrilling rescue
In the last ten feet of fill-im.

Oasis . . . A Caravan Episode

All through the long, hot, eastern day, the heavily-laden caravan had wended its dreary way across the sandy wastes of the Arabian desert. Now it was evening. The time was drawing near when they must stop and make camp for the night. But though one guide mounted the highest dune, and strained his eyes in all directions, he could see no oasis. The water bags were almost empty, the travelers and camels weary. The guide was in despair.

Another hour passed. Suddenly, the leading Arab turned and gave a glad encouraging shout. A few moments later the long train came to a halt beside a pool of clear water, over which the stately palm and date trees waved their green branches, making an invitingly cool spot in the midst of the burning wilderness. All now became noise and hustle. The hitherto quiet air was filled with the shouts of men, the tinkling of bells, and the rattling of strap buckles, as the burdens were removed from the backs of the kneeling camels.

After the tents were pitched and the camels cared for, the nomads settled themselves for the night. Around the encampment a soft breeze, laden with spicy odors, sighed in the trees. Inside the tents, Arab mothers crooned soft lullabies to their little ones. As the mantle of night lowered, even these slight sounds ceased and the scene was wrapped in darkness.

Anne Clark, '32.

1 1 1

Do You Know That — — —

Lions and tigers become docile as lambs when they scent lavender.

Jews originated the custom of hand-shaking.

Chinese are able to stand a change of climate better than any other race.

It would take a snail 14 days and 5 hours of continual travel to go one mile.

The skin of a large whale is two feet thick.

The spiders of Sumatra have legs seventeen inches long.

The color of the Red Sea is due to the marine plants in it.

Lobsters will cast claws from sheer fright.

A swallow can keep up the speed of 90 miles per hour.

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The moon moves 3,350 feet per second.

Women are seldom color-blind.

Hair grows faster in winter than in summer.

Nearly a mile of piano wire is used in a piano.

If a man had the leaping powers of a flea, in proportion to his size, he could jump 76 miles.

Frederick Andrews, '32.

1 1 1

The Purpose of "Hi-Y" in Fairhaven

The Fairhaven Hi-Y Club, which was formed last February, consists of a group of high school boys who are striving to "create, maintain, and extend throughout the school and community high standards of Christian character." The club is sponsored by the Y. M. C. A. through the courtesy of Mr. D. K. Morrisson, young mens' secretary of the "Y."

The club has planned many projects for this year and hopes to carry them out successfully. This fall, the club is using all conceivable means to raise money with which to distribute Christmas presents and baskets to poor and needy families.

A committee of five has been appointed, by the President, to meet the visiting athletic teams and show them about the school and town. This committee has worked with great success so far.

But this is not all the Hi-Y does. A few weeks ago it went down to Camp Clark, for a week-end, and enjoyed games, swimming, boating, as well as some real work on the program for this year.

Meetings, in which discussions are carried on, are held once a week. Once or twice a month, it is customary to have a speaker who will leave with the club members, ideas for a discussion at a future meeting. At these meetings, the fellows also plan small projects which they wish to carry out for the school.

The members of the Fairhaven Hi-Y cordially invite any Fairhaven High School boy to attend their meetings, which are held on Monday evening of each week at 7:15 in the Congregational Parish House.

Merritt Huckins, Pres.



"M. H. S. Review," Medford, Mass. Your magazine represents real talent. We think that it would improve your book if you did not have advertisements on the back of your cover. Your editorial department is very clever.

"The Harpoon," Dartmouth, Mass. "The Harpoon" has a wonderful literary department, but we believe it could be made more attractive by having it after the editorial staff.

"The Missile," Petersburg, Va. We think that yours is one of the best magazines we have seen. Why not have a few pictures in your book?

"The Clarion," Jamaica Plain H. S., Boston, Mass. The cover design of "The Clarion" is worthy of much praise. We recommend not having advertisements on the back of your cover.

"Alpha," New Bedford, Mass. Your notes on school activities are very interesting. We believe that a few pictures would be a great improvement to your magazine.

"Northern Light," Normandin J. H. S., New Bedford, Mass. The "Northern Light" has an original cover design and the stories are very fascinating.

"Rough Rider," Roosevelt J. H. S., New Bedford, Mass. Your editorials and literary departments show a great deal of work.

"Roger's Review," Fairhaven, Mass. The "Roger's Review" is planned very well and ranks with the best magazines we have seen.

The Bouncing of Joshua Jay

While sitting on the rigging
On a cold and windy day,
The rigging started jiggling,
And down came Joshua Jay.

On to the first sail, on to the second,
Joshua bounced about,
Until, at last, he reached the end
And landed wrong side out.

Bumps, galore, and Oh, so sore!
Did Joshua feel it? Nay,
He wouldn't mind if it were more,
'Twas all in the course of a day.

Alice Cordes, '31.

Written after a trip to the New Bedford Whaling Museum; an old sea captain's story furnished the inspiration.

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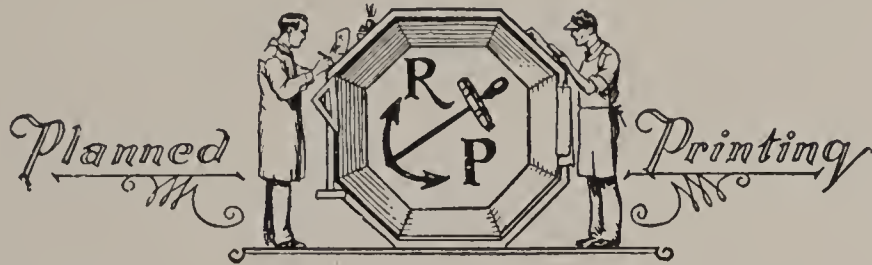
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